

WATCH THEM COME TO THE DELTA 9/29/1999

Watch them come to
to the DELTA
and
not get excited

RAW
and not get excited

tongue on tongue
and not get excited

these are words that need all the tongue
my tongue on your lips
and my word on your tips

your tongue on my trips

do you want a tryst

like in the movies that you show me

I want to show you the unrated part
and the parts that will unrate

ocean trips
in your ocean

I want to float and float over

I am exited
and over touch
and need to touch
and you do

and are touch

We cannot reverse these flows

and as I follow your currents
bathed with you

don't say

STOP on me

I just want to want you along
want with you

FLOAT
with you
and you float in me

you invited me along to warmer waters
where I can protect your dives
and your returns to the surface

have you floated with me
in the future

parties with kisses
and floating in mist

I watch and flow

and draw from your sirocco

the call to wild nights
and a wilder you!

A TORRID AFFAIR!
{{from CRUCIAL}}

CONFESSION 9/29/1999

Did you see it
did you take it
raw trick or
salt lick
in the dark
it all tastes the same
mmmmmm!
and afterwards
roll over
did I like it
not like it
do it again
good stop again in it
couldn't stop it
will it like it
and in the end
you take it
and say along
I want it
can't stop it
the better parts
I like it tongue to tongue and lips to lips
and some other OH
PIN
one
yours
and mine
not off yours
off you and you and
candy
and allena analysis
touch me please
I can't
that would take another opinion
and I hear about the delta

and take that other
it would require another
and I scale the falls
and another
and fall in it
another
kiss me
it's not my opinion
I know
but it could be
OFFER TO YOU
outside
of the outside
IT COULD BE
AND OFFER TO YOU
"Listen, little fuck,
you kin
of non skin
I dun' need ya' na mah." And I want to cry
and scream
and run outside of myself
because that part of you that is now part of me has bit my head off.
headless I jump on the steed and ride away.
in my dark
beyond my darkness on my knees to you
for you
sorry, that I raised my voice
admitted that I needed something
couldn't stay cold
couldn't get ice cold
couldn't convince to like the cold
but there are kisses to come
with words printed on them
to take you back and forth
a kiss is a journey and you have been invited and it could be your opinion
so fire it up and let me
let me
let me
let me
let me
[it's always up to you...
[let me climb inside...

STILLNESS 9/19

not a word
 shriveled up and
 eavesdropping in

it's starting to swell again

YEAH, SWELL!

I can help you pull back the bow
 but only you can aim the arrow.
 another shock
 might revive the heart

**MINERAL, VEGETABLE,
 OR
 ANIMAL**

“Not for you, sweet.”

The operation was successful; the patient can survive without a heart.

these somersaults automatic
 AND THESE
 summer salts
 NOT

getting use to a new tuning
 what hurt the ears
 now hurts the heart

I waited all day for a solar kiss
 and then the day
 not
 just before three
 a bit of night
 and the story got lost in the machine

“She’s going to need the anesthetic. You can only grasp so much pain.”

You can’t hide your laugh forever!

BENEATH THE ROBE 9/28/99

pardon

from your lips

to lips on lips

stirring

hands dropping in resignation

“It’s your move.”

a violin strain

“It’s yours!”

pulling back of the bow

and the downstroke

steadying the target

in the reflection of the green pool

to anticipate an unexpected darting

I LOVE

or stay unloved

locked behind a curtain

or turned under a sheet

only you can UNLOCK

you see and have and hold

ME

I cannot touch

eyes fixated in chattering visions

where there’s smoke

an OCEAN of kisses

cast off

salt parching and a longing for shame.

lovers act out their fear of dandelions

there is a philadelphia

that acts its devotion to you

automatic

listen for you
breathe when I breathe

here I hold my breath
UNTIL

you resuscitate
by your drive to the
sea

WATERFULL 9/ 29

The rush of the water shapes what is to come
rock yielding to the moving hand

embracing and wearing down
 there is no doubt in this flow
 destination is insistent until barriers
 hold back the push
 redirecting and falling down
 a call from inside the stone
 is met with the certainty of the tumble
 streams pulled within streams
 bubbling over bubble
 extending and overturning
 sucked into an ever widening hole
 what cannot hold this progress
 gives way to an influx of power
 now making its way to an underground reservoir

“We have been waiting for you.”

these depths frozen in the dark
 animated by the lapping of the waves
 wave against wave
 wave against rock
 and then

A DEPTH
 without anything to measure

at the surface a contradictory mist forms
 to seed a wind and a desire to escape this massive enclosure
 as the sea is deep
 this cavern is massive
 beckoning by its awe

touched by these breezes
 and their echo on the rocks
 turn on them selves
 and the vibrant wind
 torn by its opposite vibrancy

disaster comes to life

ripples above ground
 are these gust down below
 tremors above

these gales below

and your scream
blares in the twist of an ever more powerful wind

that moisture in your words
enough to brew this rumble

“What have I done?”

Did you hear the scream

you ask

them

HIM

“Didn’t you hear the scream?”

And you feel the tremor...
“I’m out of here!”

RUMORS
of a deeper invitation

“We did this for you.”

What you’re going to have to do for me

you’re going to pay for this and
pay and pay
and pay

and now the winds have reached frenzy
and the echoes on the earth

some suspected earthquake

“You’re trying to be to clever.”

Didn’t you know what the scream would do
what it would upset

how I would get upset.

“The storm was already brewing.”

AND
would dissipate
and explode again
and give way
to
STOP

can you stop me?

“Not now...”
“If not some storm, some other storm...”

without
you would not
have to go down
and up
and down

“Some people are subject to more violent shifts in the weather.”

Honey
the weather is fine
or you can
ignore
that the weather is
fine
that fine lead into
a more brutal contact with water and stone

and the ceiling
high as it is
only inspires these winds to loftier expectations

to liberate themselves
outside
and keep bouncing of wall and ceiling

“You know where this is headed.”
You

YOU
can't go down there
NOW
you can't
"I'm already down there."
rain on the face
shaped to the falling drops
kisses so brutal to accept

"I didn't want this."

WHO DID

shaking a storm
even more towards the center
where the cauldron shoots up into the water
and the steam
weaves around the curving flow

the wind already turning on itself

"ARE YOU ANGRY?"

it's way beyond that

what can I do
but drown in these waters
the air
now soaked in the downpour

"Don't let any of it fall on me."

and the rain in your air
you are chilled
but excited by this electricity
the hurricane in your lips

I did all this
for you
for the hurricane in your lips

one kiss says a thousand whirrs
of this wind

and you kiss the storm in a way
that nothing else kisses
or can kiss back
engulfed by the flame in the water

OH!
I don't think that I can stop

did you want it to be like this
or did it just happened

"I want to talk about what just happened."

But who
WHO
can make these storms

tempest in a tea pot
tiger in a hot spot

"I've been there."

But there
THERE
is a burning you have not yet felt

only these replies in air and water

FLAME ON FLESH

still running from these hurricanes

or caught in a wave too massive
to be a part of
throws you off
and breaks you apart

FLAME ON FLESH

you will not see this burn
but stunned by its sudden approach
you close your eyes in PAIN

welcome

to this new storm

“What I love about you are these constant surprises.”

but these sudden jolts
would rip
anyone apart

“You need to stop the wind from blowing.”

That’s quite a request.

“Anything I can pay you to stop the wind.”

We haven’t yet started to blow!

a wind that knocks down all the gold
sends it all away
burns in its wake
sending it all
to
ASH

“Did you like that movie, honey. I’ve got another.”

spending all day
looking at the storm
different angles
different storms
what one person remembers about the angles
a different remembers the storms
and that a kiss
twisted and certain
might place acceptance
in jeopardy
ready to embrace another
hurricane

“This is for your own good.”

It frightens me that you can believe it. That you can let the storms make their way without

WARNING!

“I am the warning
I am the warming
I am the wind...”

not bone
inside bone
are the winds
that make you
GO

“Is it OK to wake up now?”

Of course
the sun is shining
and coaxes a smile from your face.

excavating for a mine

THE CRYING WOLF 10/2/99

Sometimes
wolves need sympathy

cries not heard because they are too faint
the fear has to repeat again and again

Are you crying, Wolf, again?

Last night fades so far away.
if that
away
what then of 3:24 A.M.
wondering if
if you are OK

when OK means a blanket of darkness so thick that you can't even
see
the NIGHT

where are my shoes...

SHOES

things you wear on your feet
so much walking
and so much tired
and so much..

now little things seem so big and big things...

a time of the day that I can't get anyone to talk to me

SLEEP AWAY

10/2/99

A while ago, I used to write poetry
 Now I just copy down what other people say.
 Steal their best lines and sell them as my own.

I think that I could break up with Kelly,
 but we stay in limbo
 both watching each other grow slow.
 I just want her to spit in my face.
 Then I would know what to do.

“What would you do if she threw a book at you?”
 “I would leave her.”
 “What if she threw a book at you while you were asleep.”
 “I would definitely break up with her.”
 “And if you did not leave her.”
 “That would be abusive.”

You could not complete the journey yourself.
 You watched from a balcony above. Watched
 all the water flow down.
 And it still could not cool the fire.

Do you like my breasts
 or his breasts that I wear

yes, they are sexy
 sexy enough for him to take them back
 “He owns me.”
 And not even you can get them away from him.

That’s why you need to implant
 him with new memories
 so it all happened the right way.

You told me to pin your wrists down because someone did it
 before.

Who was that?

INTERROGATION: He owns my tongue, and I cannot speak against it.

THERAPEUTIC MASSAGE: He pays for this session, and we can not speak against him.

KENNY: I will speak. Tell you where I stop. Wait for your consent. Break up the action so you can say NO

STOP

it is time to leave
and I leave in the night that remains.

When I think about you
and how close we get
no frenzy could hold me
hold you
hold you to me
to anyone closer

you throw bodies at me

skeletons come to life to block my way.
I am coming back. Don't be afraid! I have not given you away.

I don't want you to be mine.
I want you to mine with me.

Take my hand.

You take other hands and pretend
to rewrite your story to sound happy
when happy is sad

when I heard what happened to you
I wept
At 11:00 AM I was weeping.
I can't do anything to stop him

and you don't want to.

take off the masks
pretending to be Kenny
when Kenny does not pretend like that

but someone does
because
once they meant it
and you didn't want it
needed it

came to like it

so now all the buddies pretend on your body
and you pretend
so they will stop
and start again

“Do you want to fuck me?”

What do you want me to do?

Other masks never ask
pull them off for real
and you never hear them ask

“He forced me while I was drunk. I didn’t want to go along. But I didn’t say a thing.”

But when you speak in tongues
or in his mother tongue
he acts the orphan

“I didn’t hear it.
I can’t read minds.
You didn’t say that.
I didn’t say that.
I don’t have to say that.
Let me pay for that!”

But this Humpty will not Dumpty again

so when, you needed to say
put this on
you stopped being able to say

so afraid that he would not like
YOU

what is this you that is left

I work to put it all together
all the parts that he has sliced off

these are not my images

I have seen him adept with a razor
see how the girl gets put down the well
and is just a part down a well

we were closer
closer still
and we will be closer still

UNLESS
you kill the messenger

I left
to give him his time in the sun
but you are still in the shadow

still have your innocence

it was his little twist on the tryst

And he's still trying to protect himself
and you're helping.

"I lost my innocence."

And when you try to get it back, it
keeps getting rewritten.

"He raped me! and you're doing the same."

For once you need to know who to trust. Who left when the game became apparent
and who did not

I was resting
when I heard the news
a knock on the window
you had worked your way over gravel to be with me
all tender
and lingering
if you don't want to go to that
place tonight
we will not tie flesh and bone
with bits of foil

Allena said, "There's a man upstairs in my house,
and he won't go away."

You close your eyes
and he is still there.

RADIATION SICKNESS 10/3/99

I can't open these doors.

"Don't worry
they're automatic."

"We're going away this weekend."

you reach out to me and
stop short

we are arguing about the price of tea in New Mexico
(real cheap)

this is where the bombs fall

BEFORE
you put it together

kept driving into oblivion

"I don't know these roads."
driving to a party
"This is where I'm supposed to be..."

I need you to come to me

take part of me
MY MOUTH CLOSES AROUND YOU

you are unseen

HOW DO YOU WANT ME TO BE

ANGRY
in your words

in YOUR words

"She comes to him."

I am passed out in the corner of the room. Can you come to me.

walk over to me...

He know what she feels.
She blushes
rose
he can tell what she feels
tell her what she feels

“STOP! IT’S NOT LIKE THAT!”

blinded by his own
attraction

I can see behind
the hush behind

THE ROCK

my guide

“Give it up
NOW!”

if you could read my mind
or I could read you

“Maybe there are things that’s it’s better that we don’t know about each other.”

I watch you flow through the room
the lights going on in your wake

WHAT?

I am very, very sick.
Thoughts become nausea in me

waiting for a blinding light
that will stun me into saying

THAT’S IT!

“What you don’t know can’t hurt you.”

You can learn as you go along
OR
what's going to be next...

“Don't speak with food in your mouth.”
“Are you telling me to keep eating—to have something in my mouth all the time.
I just need to spit you up.”

“I thought that you tried that.”
“And then you noticed...you noticed
when I tried...”

I move in your waves
maybe sea sick
or love sick

but that is not enough

something else

IT'S HIM..

Not him...

although at moments the night seems to be
more than the night
or the moon
or the sun

You call in the night

and there is no answer

and I am your constant reminder
that if you can't get that answer
or that answer

that you'll have to ask me

“I don't have the answers.”

I love you totally and completely.
complete annihilation

“They meant to destroy everything
and changed their minds
at the last minute
and what was left...”

an accident

RADIATION
sickness

I can see my bones in the light
or
I
glow in the dark

OR
I met a man

OR

BOMBS AWAY

OR

don't drink the water

these screams in the night
are only an echo of what is to come

bracing yourself in the sides of the well

“This was supposed to offer protection against the blast.”

now there are only the aftershocks and each tremor intercedes with its successor
and a reverberation BACK
so hard
that you can barely stand...

“We follow your lead and we'd still be crawling...”

adapt and make the metal part of you...

there's only going to be

one casualty
in this
go down

“I’m at the bottom of the well for you...just let yourself down...”

can I take my turn

being SILENCED

tender
to tender to touch
fell out of bed
or getting in
I try to wake you up with my touch

“You’re not really saying these things. You’re just sleep walking...”

And you’ve been entertained
and humored
and propped up

and now what is awake

after the cry
or a quieter whimper

“If I fell into the well, would anyone notice I was gone...”
“I would, honey.”

UNTIL
the blast hit
“Food tastes awful to me. Life is full of bitterness.”

“Just don’t spit on me.”

notice your habits
“I can almost
know what you’re going to say next.”

but when you don’t

THINGS STOP

“I can ‘t read minds...”

This is not about
prophecy
or
prosthesis

“I want you prostrate.”

Wife
be silent

WHAT?

Here, the sky cracks.

This is not about reading minds or thinking for you
or getting into your head

“You just want to drill into my head and take something out.”

This is about watching the sun come up...

“I’ve said it over and over again...this is my time...can’t you fill in for what I have said

OVER
AND OVER
AND OVER
AND OVER
AND OVER
AND OVER.
AND OVER...”

and it’s OVER
OVER THERE

and you still cling

waiting for the call back in the night

“I’ve been watching you...”

that eye hiding in the corner
the only thing visible in this darkness

“Quit watching”

GAVE
away her money
so she could
say FUCK ME
AND FUCK ME AGAIN

cocksucker

SHE SAID IT

“Let me be numb when you fuck me
and I can fuck so much better...”

fucked in ice
fucked dead...

“You like that...”

and the many quarrels about the right to say FUCK
or the price of tea
in New Mexico

look what I made for you
made you

wailing
woman

“You’re going to see someone.”

“I can’t do my own dental work...”

and you scream in pain...

“We learn if she isn’t screaming,
we can’t hear her..”

“Your whispers now frighten me.”

“I’m not whispering...This is my normal volume...”

in the NOISE
you can't hear love
echo across the room

it's not you numb to it

he has become numb to you

until
he feels pain
he cannot
feel yours

“What do you want me to do...hurt myself?”

“It's not like that at all. There's another night and another echo
but it's not an echo
because there is no
call back in the night

he is not calling back...”

I wait for your phone call
can't sleep waiting
or needing to listen through the waiting

IT
is not time

she had to go back
before she goes

going along again

as if nothing

WHAT WAS HAPPENING FIVE WEEKS AGO
before your visitation
when you had your graver doubt
about the power of prayer

words shouted in the night
are heard no better

than a whisper

is at all

you whisper in my ear
or love whispers back

you are the girl
looking at your reflection in the water
hating the changes of the water

or knowing how the self-admiration beckons you
to deeper waters
without hope of surfacing

“If I could just live along the surface or in the reflection. Live in the glitter.”

KISS ME

as if the two whispers coincide
so good at imitating your rise and fall
that you wonder

what else is love

“There is this answer in the darkness
in my isolation
that is what I want to hear
that is what I heard.”

And I catch you in conversation with yourself. And the arguing voice insistent...
“I’ve found love...”

not like before
not the angry words

but now the grimaces have added up

“Don’t curse at me...”

FUCK YOU

or

BE DAMNED

what I said was automatic...

“For a moment, I wanted to kill you!”

What was this moment...

“Why have you forsaken me?”

“I didn’t like the flavor of the ice cream.”

“What happens when you do something so bad
that you can’t forgive yourself.”

“You do something worse and live beyond forgiveness.”

What’s bad...

not listening to the whispers...

“Our new circuits eliminate all noise...

TOTAL SILENCE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

“That’s not bad...”

“I’ve been your chauffeur for the last week and now this...”

NOW YOU SEEK A REVELATION THAT WILL ENCOMPASS THE WAIT
ALL THESE NIGHTS OF CRYING IN THE WIND!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

“Why have you forsaken me?”

AFTER

what you have done

And I pass out
vomit still clinging to my lips

“This is only the beginning...your skin will suck in this black rain.”

Somewhere

the flowers are still in bloom

but we are not in Kansas anymore

“Didn’t they have any idea about the radiation?”

They didn’t
but I did

SOMEWHERE
our kisses echo in our flesh

“If we can just get over the sickness.”

REMINDER IN THE FLESH

QUIET

someone may be listening

and repeating for you

to you

by you

Your body burns to my touch
and my hands flame to their contact with your body

WOULD

these flames burn away every other memory

in your curves
a new beginning

for me

a new begging

PLEASE

spare me such an overwhelming

IMAGE

your perfume follows me home
and the
scent of oils

lingers to captivate my day

INSIDE

we flow inside

you clean outside

washing the traces of fun spilling over
to dirty stories

“You don’t know what I have seen.”

AND I DON’T!

what we see
and feel
vibrate together
the exclamation of your heart beat

close enough to sense

you are

a caress away

There is a sea which calls us both. Let us push out to explore it together. Knowing its storms might break apart the reckless moorings.

You cannot restrain
these squalls

Let me kiss your rain-drenched face
and watch you sleep in the shelter of our love...

intoxicated in the swirl

you are
sexy!

CRACKS IN THE PALACE

--Stevens, please read from the good book.
 --Which one is good?
 --The one with the shiny cover.
 --They both have shiny covers.
 --The one wherein you can see your reflection.
 --I can see my reflection in both books.
 --The one with the stories for imitation.
 --I can imitate stories from both books.
 --The one that you have open now.
 --I have open the evil book.
 --You have tricked us. Burn the witch.

Our day has come. And we are equally impressed.

“He’s going to ask you some questions. And you need to answer as completely and honestly as you possibly can.”

Isn’t a short lie better than a long truth.

“Don’t say that. Don’t even think that.”

“And I thought that I was perfect. My soul was the circle without sin.”
 rolled over on the bed and thought
 this is perfect

why did I take the ring—look
 I’m not wearing a ring.
 Repeat after me
 there’s a parrot in the cage
 and there’s a parrot opening the cage.

“Which one is good?”

Stay away from cages.
 TRANSLATED
 Get in the cage
 swing from the swing
 this place is made for you

“Mommy, thanks. A new doll house.”

Here take a hundred dollars and get a new one.

“I was looking at a cool million.”

“That is coming.”

Promise that you did not peek inside. We hid the presents so well. We wrapped them so well.

“This is not about inside. It’s the thought that counts.”

“I don’t understand. I thought that the heart was inside.”

QUIZ

what do you remember about your life

about my life

about life

that breaks the pattern

of tongue-tied

tongue-twisted

thanks for getting that down for me

WHAT!

a year and a day

and tender things

what you protected

but not the buzzing around

outside the gates

that is where the killing zone is

where they milk the cows

where the wailing starts

where the jets refuel

where they have their final kiss

so what is left

Daddy put on the dress and gallivant around the homestead

I’ve got to get to the bank

not what did you say

what did they say back

“The water is rising.”

I don’t understand.

“This is way beyond understanding. It’s a new kind of hearing.”

“Does it hurt.”

Go back down the basement
and below the basement
so they made you go down
and you went further down to get away from their making

basic things

commune with crickets

go to a place with
a place with water
get it out

but isn’t it deeper in there
places you can’t see
or see like that

“It’s getting clearer. You’ll never get out. You’re straining out that difference.”

“You don’t know what it’s like.”

“You need to see someone.”

“I am seeing someone.”

“Someone different.”

“I told you that I’m afraid of needles.”

“This is not about needles. We use a different kind of probe.”

“I told you that is exhausting. I don’t want to be exhausted.”

and the doll lies on the shelf
tickled on the shelf
up there to stay
and again tickled
and they tickled the smarts away
so the mundane
seems
clever
and the really clever seems frightening

“Quit speaking in voices.”

There goes the gift.

the maudlin social commentary and witticism to accompany social barbs

“You’ve made it.”

“Yeah, I’m tickled pink to be here.”

And what got you in the pickle this time.
was it the cucumber or the brine

this section requires perfect spelling
substitute caramel for arsenic
daffodil for tomato aspic

I don’t do tomatoes.

What follows has to be confusing
and nonsensical
and dripping and biting
and falling
and slipping on the plate
and I can’t hold this
all bought and paid for
I’m going to get it taken care of

“Right after you get her taken care of.”

She got fixed
sort of fixed up
and the patches
just ooze through the most embarrassing little comments.

It is finished.

“I guess you do need a weather
girl
to tell
you which way the wind is blowing.
Right in your face.”

A little breeze.

You take a breath to start again. From where do you start now. Do you got back to the
beginnin?.

“Read from the good book.”

and you focus on the procreating
and the recreating
and the gesticulating
and the germinating
and the GERMS
and the infections

he is among us

HE

I don't want it. It just get in somehow.

“Don't take a fit. It's already.”

OK—which part is mine and which is yours.

And they have you stand for your solo. This is your moment. But you are feeling faint.

I need to sit down.

And you're still trying to make up.
Seeing from them
when they cannot see.

kiss and make up
and wherever that leads.

And if I stop now
the hole closes up
and it never happened
and the circle is unbroken.

“My difference. I need that break. Need it to stop it. Otherwise, it breaks apart and comes together in spite of you.”

There is no urgency
says the surgeon
as he tosses in the sponge
“Throw a towel in there too.”

I can't put it in there. I can't close it up myself.

"You just need some needle and thread."

"I hate big needles."

Let me tell you about the needle.

"No let me tell you. At first, I hated the damn thing. I'm not going to put it in me. But then the pain became the pleasure and then it just became what it is. A trick."

I'm not going to take it
get someone else to junk it up
junk it in
it's not me floating in the sea
it's them
they done it to me
done it again
waddle waddle
and please do it again

and the wallop
is the whole pop
and you pop it in
pop the top
and lay it in
"This feels mighty good."

Pull the string
pin the tail on
tale the tale

"In the beginning..."
flesh and words

OUCH! THAT HURT!

"If I like it, it can't hurt for you. I don't care if it hurts. I didn't see that it hurts. It didn't hurt me and I'm not a mind reader."

GOOD!

where the worse slings and arrows
where the night is darkest
where you scream

WHY
WHY

it's all prearranged
the prelude to coming back
coming back together
like in this ritual

there's no need to say anymore

doesn't have the words
but will have

but he didn't and it's twelve months later
twelve years later
three years before the past
and what can be said any different

"I still love you!"

You are getting weighed down. You are giving a wink. Making sure that he is watching the show. But he is the show. And you think it could be you.

can it be any different

I want to be touched
untouched
or you get touched
and it's the touch
he touched me
like it said in the good book

or a touch for a minute
or just one minute
to say that he is with me

"He has chosen me."

And you have chosen
like in the book
but who chose the book?

"I did."

“Mighty big book you have there, young one.”

“You better start quick or you’ll lose something of yourself.”

Before all this started, how did you think of yourself
as doctor or daughter
rich man
or son
of a
preacher

“Let me call him up and he’ll take care of it.”

“Well, did he?”

“I have to go over there and tell him that I love him.”

And you ascend the long flight of stairs
stairs longer than anything that you have ever known. Think that you have made it.

We have one question for you. Did you cheat? Did you take a peek?

[It’s always been like this.]

“Of course not.”

“Silly rabbit, we gave you the answer. Wrote it in the sky for you
but you turned inside and saw nothing.”

My soul was clean.

Shot straight though with sin
crystal clear

The book now gets more obscure. You lick your finger to get through the pages.

“We’ve got a place to put little girls.”

So you run from the place
right into the place
that they set for you
TRAPPED
again

“I don’t care. It’s your mess. How are you going to get out of this?”

“I’ll call him”

D-A-D-D-Y

up there
 in the clouds
 a booming voice

I thought that it was the drug
 or it was you.

I'm getting back to the modern part
 the retelling
 the telling on the head
 turn over and bleat bleat.

"We don't have time to read all the volumes but if we did. We could start here."

TAKE HER
 SHE'S YOURS

and in whom I am well pleased

"I just act that way on special occasions. On holidays. Days to close it out."

STRETCH IT OUT
 and then suck it up

"I want you to get out. Go!"

"You can't tell me anything. This is my house."

"This is my room."

"We have one commandment in this house and you have disobeyed it."

You spit in the sink.

It never happened like that!

until you make it the way you want
 it can never be the way you want it to be

"When you've got something to say you got to say it right though so there will be no
 confusion.

And this is getting all confusing. I'm getting a headache."

This is what we do as friends.

take baths together

“I’ve got my voice back and now I don’t need you.”

“So who do you have pulling strings?”

He does it so effortlessly. The strings hide underneath the clothes. And underneath the strings.

“You’re losing your touch.”

play along
 play friends
 and then you
 strike
 viper

up the stairs

Daddy,
 you shouldn’t have

who cleans it up
 puts her foot down
 lies down in the clover

we still have each other...

but it’s not your show anymore
 just you in the high chair
 getting the predigested food
 and the predecessor word
 and the processor for food and word

honey, do you like it

and the high chair is getting higher
 and getting electric
 and getting currents
 and getting confusing

put on the thinking cap

it hurts to think
 when it hurts to think about
 how stripped away you have been

even adorned to be stripped away

was it as good as my old words
old worlds

could be so much more
at every juncture
the word
and pull up a napkin
a word
and a sketch

“You’re boring. Interesting in your own trite way. But ultimately some stuffed talk show host. the boy blow-up doll version.”

Who said that?

off to the doll house
sew on parts
and blow up
pin up
pin in
pin apart
burst the bubble

Wondering how far we have come. And you’re still looking at the baby steps
and seeing a gazelle in flight.

your imagination gets better

NAKED

in imagination

“What does this word mean?”

“It’s a sex toy.”
and a brain toy
and a baby toy
and a toy for carving out the insides

as long as you can’t tell it like it is
you’ll never see where the words stopped

and the silence started
that somebody was still listening

“This makes sense.”

If it didn't—another migraine.

I could get the next sentence out to get in the third as long as we stayed mired in the second.

And the WORDS
just fucked
and rolled over you.

what can we say about these words

BUNNIES
I love it.

and you buy the whole damn museum
and put it in your bed room
and
STOP
it's over

do you know what happened in the next part

with the PINS

until you WANT to know
someone else is going to keep arranging it for you
take you apart
and put you together
Not that I know or don't know

I heard
and write it down
as it happened
and will happen
and do
and don't happen.

“Listen, Allena, just because you can remember things that happened in this house doesn't mean that you can figure out what happened when you weren't around.”

And you never thought that you would ask it this way—
Kenny, I need your help to remember something.

or I don't need your help
or you need help

get out
out
out
out

“Listen, my dear daughter. You are living here on borrowed time.”

Yes,
but what is the interest rate
and how can you borrow enough
to lend enough
to get enough back
to pay back.

that is a
PRETTY question
from this point on the discussion is of the pretty question

just when you zero in
you zero out
all those zeros

see I got it back
you can't take anything away from me

“That never was the story. I didn't take anything. You just told me that you got taken.”

Oh, the swindle plan
and the pretty question

this is how history is posed and decomposed.

HISTORY	X
CHEMISTRY	X
MATHEMATICS	X
FRENCH	X
ECONOMICS	X
ENGLISH	X

Can you now appreciate the waves of time.

THE LION STARTS TO ROAR!

Why are you in my bedroom?

yes no you invited me in

Why are you in my head?

yes no you invited me in

Why are you not dead yet?

yes no you invited back from the dead.

FOR THE FINAL QUESTION AND THE CHANCE TO WIN \$100,000.00.
Who bit the apple?

QUICK

IT WAS THE *DEVIL*.

“We have a winner.”

TELL US WHAT YOU’VE WON?

a chance to come back.

for more shit

“See you on the show tomorrow.”

No, you will want us to come back.
you’ll want to know what I’ve figured out next.

We’re going to use the big tricycle next time.
and then intravenous drugs
and from there to the hard stuff

the pebble pick up
and stuff
that no buzz
or ecstasy
or cream can get rid of
this is so awful
oh
GOD
it’s me
over
and over
and over again

and you wake up
the A
word
or the K
word
and it’s just the same

hit it here
stop it here

how to get clear-headed

you know what I figured out

“Stay away from milk-products.”

WHAT IS YOUR MOTHER’S NAME?

GEMINI

OH YEAH—the ZODIAC!

SMOOOOOOOOTH
so SMOOOOOOOOOTH

just lying there in the silence
saying why
have you gone away

make them go away
jump up
and you're all crazy

NUTS

not because LORD LOVE A DUCK
LOVE YA' NUTS

something more pointed
or more to the point

splayed out
the vein
LORD LOVE A DUCK

I know what smothers
when you said
“KILL ME NOW!”

what is really frightening
how you left the loom
and left the damn sight better
gloom
of the tomb
room
the cobwebs
and spider talk backs
it's not about getting something more
or something for it

it's between the words and things
this cracking
where you reach your hand inside

Honey, I can make it better
 or honey will ease the wounds.
 or make it sweeter

It needs sweetening.

GOD DAMMIT

Hold your breath her and you can really see.

And the water foams around you and you splash down. too cold to catch yourself, to refresh
 or go up after down. THE SHOCK OF THE COLD! then the numbies!

then you done

ICICLE

igloo

nose to nose

nose to noise

noise to noise

and you got it like you want it

it's been there all the time
 and melts in the spring

and you're staring at all these ice palaces
 thinking glass
 and marveling
 it's a comin'

it can't go on like this
 there has to be a break

and NOW
 they've sucked it all out
 except these flashes of brilliance—distilled the energy
 and between these stars
 NOTHING
 a vacuum
 hesitating in this empty space
 or stepping back to see these constellations

“Can you see it.”

otherwise **femina ludens**

and the game gets further strung along
let me catch it
and the role is rigidly defined
and you scream and yell with each play

but you want to do more
step out and spin around
feel you body twisted by these contrary anatomies
the pretense of the Moscow company
and industrial precision
thin as a rail

and the parts turn
and the parts grind down
a bubble in the grease
“We’re going to have to shut it all down.”

now you need to run
run it away

“We’ve talked about it.”
only talk so much
and then it’s just poetry

whining and defining
restricting and conflicting

“Now have I made myself clear.”

You see someone/ you don’t see someone

seeing stops being an option

working the way in
and the way back
and you stop going in
figuring he can only get that far before he says
what’s the fuss

the are the winding passages of the American dream
down this street
and over this one
WAS I A STAR?

where everything gets tarnished here
 you can't read the book without becoming the book
 taking into its chamber of **RED** death

I want to take a walk with you from which you're not going to return.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Death, it's not time Mr. Death."

OR

"Come Miss Death. It is my time."

I need to put you all out of my mind.

"I thought she was a coward."

And you see that she wants to run away from all of you. And the good times
 are actually the bad times bidding her in a I-don't-know-how-can-I-stop.

STOP—we need to share the needle.
 cleaning it in bleach
 the guarantee against your past not interrupting mine

"I'm not going to end it this way."

This is just going to help you sleep.

And you haven't been able to sleep for days
 and you've finally assumed a pose
 sleepwalk through the rest

"I'm afraid of you."

and the mirror is getting tarnished

all I have done is put the story down
 but as I do the world starts to get round on me
 and it all bends around in its turning
 "Now, I'm done with you."

As long as these stars flash separately they flash out.

AND BETWEEN US

these words
 and a bit
 of a bit
 and more than that

and as long as you let the other parts get tossed around
 get played around
 get run around
 merry
 go
 and stop

“I am happy.”

And where is his breakdown
 and her breakdown

where the burden of meaning just makes them stop

they can't because their stubbornness
 and their steadfastness
 and their KING is in the counting house
 and the QUEEN is in the palace

ALL THESE FORTRESSES ARE THE BREAKDOWN.

you are leaning against their walls
 not their walls

learn a few words of French and trick them

“The French girl is here.”
 “Ah, Bon!”

No really
 she's come with a happy tale.

Roses are rust
 and violets are vile
 I've been bad
 and here come my trial!

BAD

he knows who's been bad
GET THE LIST

bad to what

you've still got him
me
all
dangling
the hanging man

OOOOOO!

“Pull the rope
pull the rope tighter.”

I'm hiding from you all

Don't think I haven't seen it before—who's standing behind whom....

self-gratification
in pain

that bigger jolt

FROM
kiss and make up
to
make up
to
you're making up
to
don't wake up
there's a test today

can you get up for it

“My head hurts. I fell on my head
and I feel down
I fell on my head
and broke my crown
couldn't protect myself
protect my head

went in with a needle and they sucked it all out.

this is awful
 went up the hill to fetch a pail
 and fell in the water
 and tumbling down
 broke the crown
 and now there is a succession problem in Buckingham

“If you move out, we can’t have the coronation here.”

And you expected a marriage
 and a crowning
 and the stuffing of the animals
 and then the stuffing of you

“Look it’s my life and my wife.”

But slowly and surely
 you got the stuffings beat out of you
 and it couldn’t have been worse if they had planned it
 and I get intoxicated by the fumes
 and I start yelling
 and you’re scared
 and the sky’s falling
 OH GOD!

but the sky has fallen
 and now the heavy atmosphere makes it hard to get up

“Get up, stand up, stand up for your rights. Get up stand up. Don’t give up the fight!”

It’s only a fucking story!

“Where have we heard that before?”

Don’t censor the tale.

time to go out and play
 too busy
 became too too
 and now
 too too

I want to play again
touch me again
make me forget
the touch by the touch
and touched out
all touched out!

STOP

81. What **should** we do now?

[REVIEW]

10/10/99

**THE PHYSICAL PRESENCE OF THE MOUSE AND THE FISCAL PRESENTS OF
THE HOUSE AS A CAREER IN REAL ESTATE COMBINED WITH A
BACKGROUND IN PEST CONTROL COULD RID YOU OF ALL METAPHYSICAL
WORRIES AND YOU COULD BE HAPPY EVER AFTER WORLD WITHOUT END
AND WITHOUT MEN!**

My heart to your zoo
there' a heart inside this menagerie
and it is beating faster

or we both beat fast

but that is not
physical

I can make it beat faster
make you beat faster
without touching
how touching in a nice way

this is not fiscal

and when you just go along
say I will
say I won't
count on me
it's so fiscally sound

in the counting house
eggs and honey

kiss and fake it better

“It's not like that. There are other things.”

There are always other things
the fiscal
and the physical
the material
and the quizzical

do you want an
ANSWER
or more questions

“Don’t cheat me out of the one pleasure that remains.”

BUNNIES!!!!

look
it’s

your ears prick up

“There are weird sounds in this room.”
“Those are echoes of your last conversations.”

Nothing urgent
we sawed off an arm
but there is another one

cut off her head
but she can pin on another one
a lighter one

“Those stupid girls.”

Where have I heard those songs before?

“I’m still smarter than he is.”

Son,
if you’re so smart
why aren’t you rich
why
aren’t you paying for the electricity?

Allena is!

to pay for and not get paid
not really
not for all of it
the ins and out
and over

and over again

I am not afraid anymore.

This is all tender.

REALLY

couldn't have fucked it up better if it was planned

“Don't say it like that!”

I didn't
just reading your words back

what more do you want

what layer are you at
and where do you stop
and why I couldn't stop

words on napkins
leave me alone
I am working
really alone to work

can you get there yet

close the blinds
open the blinds
this is trouble
let in the light
this is trouble

The demon came in with the sunlight. You needed to narrow the passageway.

“The demon is narrower than the rays of light—the demon.”

it came out so easily
and it sticks to the insides

URGENT

I've got to get to
 can't stop now
 stop up
 create an incident
 stop
 should
 I keep going
 what am I supposed to do

can't get use to losing you

“This is you talking to yourself.”

a use

“I don't like to read too much. I don't have time. I don't like girls too think too much. More than I do.”

no one said that
 just the palace
 and its rooms
 so much cleaning
 and clearing away
 didn't leave time for much else

“And this is the KING's room. You need to knock just in case the KING is with a mistress.”

MISTRESS
 of deceit
 and I can be all these women for you

something is wrong
 and some for you
 and some to share

and you're still on the wall with egg shells
 and egg goop
 and shit what a mess
 clean it or try to put it all together again

getting bit by a viper

“Are you talking about my father?”

Are you
 or about HIM
 OR HIM
 OR HIM
 OR ME
 OR HER
 OR HIM
 OR HER WITH A STRAP
 OR A STRAP-ON

you're getting deeper and deeper in a pickle

On a good day
 I made hay...

stand in the line
 step in the square
 step on the line

I made hay
 made haste
 threaded the needle and pulled it in

“We could talk about it.”

The needle and the pins and pins me down again.

and the creature tell you how to lie there

IT'S NOT IN YOU OR HIM BUT IN THE WORDS.

the reeducation camps
 and the camping out
 and some OUT
 OUT of U.S.A.
 OUT of the country
 and out of the city
 and out out around

D-A-D-D-Y

he made sense to me

“You’re going to have to make money and pay for this
 OR
 find someone who can pay for it
 pay for the show
 and all the A’s in a row
 help perform the A_____A show!”

I’ll pay!

“This is not a sex show!”
 not a peep show

they all love me

love the words
 and the fiscal behind the words

BUT REALLY
 can I say that I do not like some of the words
 some of the show
 some of the play
 just in play
 in sympathy

STOP
 for me

Daddy, I don’t like it around here.

“This is how we do things around here. If you don’t like it you can leave. But if you leave
 you can’t come back. And if you can’t come back you’re going to hell.”

She said that
 not he
 not her
 not him
 but me

GET OUT

this is my house

get the mouse out

a trap
snap down on his back

“What was that?”
I thought that I caught a mouse.

never get to yoke and measure
it’s your pleasure
need more leisure
TIME

make time

don’t play
or eat
or work on anything else
this is CRAZY

but I need to write at this moment

I need you all to get away

or write together

We could have stayed together writing
and erasing

erase “should”

“Should you put it in farther.”

“Get the doctor. The needle broke inside!”

I CAN’T!

is the heart beating still
can you beat for me

I CAN’T

I’m still trying to follow your story.
The outer shell is clear
but the inner shell

is melting
away the outside

“FUCKER, I WAS WAITING FOR YOU!”

HIGHLY, HIGHLY, I AM BEATING WITH YOU!

Speak the words and I will be healed

that they stole from the first part and plugged it in the second part
lie down and just take it
lambs to the slaughter
rabbits to the altar
turn the other cheek

“Please, sir, can I have another.”

I said something the other day
but I don't really mean it.

“Why are we so angry?”

It's the time in the P.O.W. camp.

Can you feel the flow?

CAN YOU? CAN YOU?

FURSACKIN'

it's lamb

trading arms for hostages
and they cut off one of yours
your arms

they aren't hostages
but more representative of the
culture of suppression
and repression
and I've got a hard on
hard one
give it back on

if it's really painful
there will be a pain off the saying
and then not as pain
as stepping away from the pain
THE BIG MAN IN THE CASTLE
up there so high.

We are in two different room
and I try to tap escape routes out to you
my tapping on the wall
a more pronounced message

STILL

come across the gravel
slip away
get the words down
the tune down
so much down
plays around with you and me.

LOVE RADIATES 10/28/99

flies light-headed

AND

touches down on the earth

all somber and full of purpose

your lips

refresh

there is sand

there is a beach

You know what happens. I put this on for you.

THE SUN

becomes the measure of these waves

each drawing a verve from far beyond the horizon

afraid to get close

to get seen

I'm busy

honey

“I need to spend some time in the shade.”

When you feel this terrible heat

penetrate the bone

what can you do?

I want to feel more.

order a drink for myself

sneak the glass out on the patio

watch where you step

You've spent so long wrestling green snakes

that the shapes of other twists

turn you around

swirling
fingers

where have you touched lately
been touched
or stay untouched

I touch your warm brow. I can't help but feel the heat radiate to me. Too much of this
contact might lead to fever.

you cool down in the icy waters
until you remember approaching winters

can't you break the surface
the blinding glitter

you're afraid to look through the glare
but you can now feel a warmth bubbling from underneath

your furnace
water condensating on the outside

my hands glide along these smooth invitations
your neck
your stomach

my kiss on your neck

seduction to sleep

"I'm ready for something more permanent. The big sleep."

where there will be no dreams

and I keep listening to the dream work in anticipation for my grand entry

"Kenny, you were here with me. Coins in your hand."

"Were we doing laundry?"

practical things
gagging on the smells of dryers in consonance

burning away the clothes

“I don’t want to get caught in there!”

clinging wet in a shadowy corner

“The rain wasn’t kind to you. Let me get you a towel.”

“I don’t want a towel. I want a kiss. I want your body.”

and beyond that

a couple of hours of your time

the secrets of counting fingers and toes

adding and more abstract couplings

I can use mathematics to pretend!

“It keep coming back to the same things.”

Love radiates

and when it stops shimmering

loves stops shining

your eyes shimmer

and the glitter of light evokes a smile

you smile

my smile

“Why did you tell me that?”

“What do you want to hear?”

You are

sexy

could think about your

hand moving in the light

for hours...

“I’ve got another call.”

“I don’t want you wearing that in public.”

What letter did you ask me to embroider

A

then they wouldn't know
 AL
 AS
 ALL
 all the Allenas might think

but only one could know

LOVE RADIATES

and that could last you through the cold

would intoxicate
 "I have to be with you...
 I can't sleep
 OR
 I don't want to sleep
 OR
 I want to learn to be sleepless...
 restless
 delicious
 ravished
 naughty
 wide-awake
 I want to hold you
 I can't breathe
 breathe in you
 mystical consonance
 and mythical dissonance."

OH!
 I miss the touch.

and the incessant bating of sledge hammers
 pound away the street
 and a ring of a cell phone
 interrupting a gathering

"Do you think he knows where we are?"
 "Do you think he know what we're doing?"

he knows where you've been sleeping
 OH

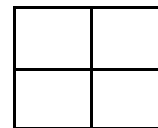
and he knows
if
you're awake

and he knows if you've been naughty or nice
so be naughty for niceness sake...

"When you leave,
please turn out the light"

"I can't...love radiates"

ARMA
MINT



A STAR TWINKLES FOR
A TONIGHT!

deny and deny
again

“I’m not with
HIM
HER
me

DENY THE
DEMON

I did!

“I’m going to
sleep.”

“I’m not!”

time for the
ALIENATION
SHOW

“Do you see a
ring?”

They all want to
FUCK
me.

I don’t until I do

Between us a GULF

“I’m
hoping the
light shines
on me.”

<p>where other demons CROUCH fall down here</p>

What more is
there?

You can't have me.

if I can't have me...

W	H
A	T

it would be
to have me

would be to
anyone

I can get by
on a sub-A

frozen or underground

with or without you

OR I'M GOING ON

**I'M
GOING
OUT
WITH
OR
WITHOUT
YOU**

I can't move my
car.

I'm with the show.

After I left the show, how did
you go off. **TURNED
AROUND MY ELECTRO-**

M	A	G
N	E	T
	S	

and you can't even see

you

eye to eye

“Can’t you be honest?” I’m lying on the ground. I can’t be any more honest than this?

Can I touch you
with my penis?

You already have. Everybody
has in this room.

including Miss Sniff with her
strap-on pickle

“Everything is
going dark on
me.”

TIME FOR THE
FAIRY FUNERAL!

Don’t laugh, PRICK.

bumped by these thorns.

“And then the nails.”

Did you cut the nails.

**NO, THE
HOLES
WERE
ALREADY
THERE!**

During this part I
have to turn my
head.

identification
and definite
identification

F

wash my hands.

I

I want to blow in your
ears.

S	T	A
R	L	T

starbright
each star I see tonight
wish I may
wish I might

come with you

come at you
come along

with pictures and
prosthetics it's become
better than the real thing!

virtual A

all the arms and the magic
fingers
and the extending hands
and the hands say give me
some
and the begging hands
and the my got don't mess
with me

've been bad!

CAUGHT A
FALLING

S	T
A	R

and won't let it back
up.

AND SOME
BODY

12/1/99

comes along and you say look what you made me do. **YOU** made me fuck up.

Don't you know what this is. This is my show.

And when you're up so high, how can you get down?

We're all happy here. Happy together. Happy for you. Glad you gave us a chance to fuck up in the show.

then a
SECOND CHANCE

you only chances to make a bad
second chance
second change

you were great!

with a **VIEW TO A KILL!**

WHEW IT'S A SPILL!

clean up
Allena knows how!

Take the sponge and the bleach and the wipe away and the wipe on.

You got to do it, do it do it
'til it don't hurt no more

WOW!

Is she with you.

Not technically inside but actually inside the inside which is the outside
unless you include the
mint
the
ARMAMENT

BOOM!

with a view to a
BOOM
fall down and go
or just go
you kill me with your love.

“that’s girl is going to kill you before you’re done

dinner!

I love partying with you
even though
I know I’m in the presence of

D-YNO-MITE!